de me regarder. Je ne suis ni jeune ni jolie; M. le Duc d'Orleans, auroit-il si mauvais gout ? "

This made the creatures laugh, and some said, " Pas si mal—pas si mal." Never did beauty long to be admired more than I did to be thought ugly. At last Mrs. Knowles, from the inn, came to my assistance and vouched for my being other-wise than what they thought. But I never got rid of my terror till I found myself safely on board.

I had a dreadful passage, but the storm of the elements alarmed me less than the torrent of human violence which I had just escaped. —Adieu, for *I* am sleepy and can write no more.

MR. SWINBURNE TO HIS WIFE*

London, May xzth, 1790.

The town is filling with French emigrants, and I have already met several of our acquain-tance. I was induced to dine at Greenwich the other day with the Duchess de Biron, Madame de Cambise and Miss Wilkes, who is the great pro-

tectress of all the *expatriees.* It was a charming